

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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NUMBER 7.

POETRY

Elberon.

BY GEORGE FRANCIS DAWSON.

The wounded chief supinely lay,
Worn out with pain, and lehen-gray,
What mocks his weary eyes each day?
The deadly calm at Elberon.

O stifling calm! O furnace air!
Despite the kindest, tenderest care,
And hopeful-seeming round him there,
A deep gloom rests on Elberon.

"Blow, headful breezes! Fresh wind, blow!"
The Nation prays. "Blow high—blow low!"
Give but a chance for hope to grow,
And lift the pall from Elberon.

The Nations pray: all England's race,
The past forgotten now embrace,
And supplicate that, of God's grace,
This cup shall pass from Elberon.

The faithful wind responsive blows;
The cooling rain in torrents flows;
The anxious face more hopeful grows,
With stiff sea breeze at Elberon.

The ocean-waves swell strong and high,
The sullen mists are all blown by;
A low of promise against the sky;
God's sun smiles fair at Elberon.

Days come and go; the rosy morn
Now mocks that frame by anguish torn—
Those deadly pangs so bravely borne;
Thy breeze avails not Elberon.

Gethsemane's blood sweat and pain,
And prayers and tears were all in vain;
We shall not see our chief again,
A sigh breathes over Elberon.

They tell us "Hope is not yet dead,"
But while they speak, the shadows dread
Of Azazel's wings are widely spread
Above the cot at Elberon.

O worn out hero! tired chief!
Death gently comes and gives relief,
And all the world is filled with grief;
Toll, midnight bells, at Elberon.

Poor aged mother—wailing sore,
In far Ohio, him she bore—
God's peace to thee! "Thy will be o'er";
"God's will" is "done" at Elberon.

And thou, O stricken wife, art seen
Upheld as wife hath rarely been!
Sweet words from those from England's queen:
"God comfort you," at Elberon.

God comfort all! the pulseless clay
A weeping people bears away,
To wail the Restoration Day,
Far, far away from Elberon.

The soul has left the lifeless clod,
Uphorne by angels—rebekod—
From mortal arms to arms of God,
O'er wrinkled sea at Elberon.

STORY TELLER.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

It was a clear, sunny morning, this fourteenth of February about which I write, and the postman of Longwood looked for a busy day, for Longwood was a cozy, old-fashioned town where lovers still clung to time-honored customs, and valentines had not become miserable daubs or vile caricatures.

The morning sun was not very high when Margaret Layfield, one of the acknowledged belles of the town, sat combing out the rippling waves of her dark hair and building her air-castles. It was a double holiday for this pretty girl; her birthday and St. Valentine's day, and Maggie knew that on this eighteenth birthday there was not likely to be any lack of the tributes laid yearly at her feet. She knew where two for her wee brother and sister were securely hidden, and she was wondering what Lizzie and Hattie, Willie and Laura, would receive from the postman, and whether her mysterious lover, who for five years has remembered her, would be forthcoming on this her eighteenth birthday. She was still dressing when her two elder sisters, bright, pretty girls of nineteen and twenty, came in.

"Now, Maggie," said Lizzie, "I would not for the world be suspected of hinting, but Hattie and I do hope you will remember us when you receive your yearly remittance."

"Perhaps it won't come," said Maggie.

"Perhaps it will!" said Hattie. "Oh, it is too delightfully mysterious! Do you know, Maggie, I am furiously jealous, and should be worse if you were not so generous."

"It seems so funny," chimed in Lizzie, "if papa was not so willing for you to accept it and mamma so smiling, I should very much doubt of its propriety."

"The breakfast bell; and I am just ready. Come, girls," and off Maggie darted to answer the summons.

Speculations were plenty as to the number of valentines expected and the senders thereof; but many allusions were made to Maggie's certainly coming, and various hints were thrown out about wants and desires.

At last the double rap at the front door gave the signal, and as the sound rang through the hall Dr. Layfield's eldest son, Albert, came down the stairs to breakfast. Every one of the children, except the wee baby, was in the hall; Lizzie and Hattie hidden by the door, Laura beside Betty, and

Willie peeping behind her skirts. Maggie was kneeling to draw from under the stairmat the envelopes addressed to Louis and wee Amy, while even John, the doctor's errand-boy, made the boots an excuse to appear on the scene. The doctor looked up from his paper with an air of interest, and mamma left her second cup untasted till the important letters were delivered.

"One for Lizzie and one for Maggie, that's all by the first post," said Hattie, coming in, followed by all the others. "Yours' always comes early, Maggie; there it is."

Maggie broke the seal. For four years before a crisp bank note for five hundred dollars had fallen from the envelope, but this year there was, with the usual offering, a letter, and inside of that a smaller envelope addressed to Dr. Layfield.

"A proposal, and here a note to ask papa's consent," cried Lizzie. "Too bad, and you younger than Hattie or I!"

But, looking at the face that was bent over the sheet, she paused to ask, in a quieter tone:

"What is it, Maggie, dear?" And Dr. Layfield, with a glance at his wife, echoed the question.

"Read it, and tell me what he means," said the young girl, handing the doctor the letter, which he read carefully.

"Come into the library with me, dear, and I will tell you. No, none of you," he added, waving his hand to the others who crowded around him; "I must see Maggie alone."

The deep gravity of his manner, the mysterious letter, filled Maggie with a vague dread, and she trembled violently as she followed him. Even his kind arm around her, his loving kiss on her face, could not quiet her agitation, while his face was so grave and his voice so sad.

"I cannot tell you why this letter was written," said the doctor, gently, as he placed her in a comfortable chair, "until I open my own, and this he has requested me not to do yet. Read his letter to you again, Maggie."

With a trembling voice the young girl read:

"MY OWN DEAR MAGGIE: At last, after eighteen years' of cruel separation, I am hoping to see the dear face whose baby features, pictured by my loving heart, have been the comfort of my lonely exile. I am trembling with joy at the thought the eyes now scanning these lines will rest lovingly on my face, and the clear voice I have heard in my dreams will fall in music of affection upon my waking ears. I am coming home—shall be with you on the day you receive this, to clasp you in my arms, never again to let you go from me. Go to Dr. Layfield, and ask him to tell you the story of my life, then read what I inclose to him, and oh, my darling! my treasure! open your heart to the weary wanderer, who looks to you as his haven of love, of joy, after years of bitter exile. Listen to my story, love me, and welcome me."

"HERBERT ARUNDEL."

"Now, dear father, pray tell me what all this means."

"It means, Maggie, that you are to leave us; but no, I will tell you the story as he requests: Years ago, when these gray hairs were brown, and this peaceful home a dream of a far off future, Herbert Arundel and I were old college friends. I would not pain you by a recital of our life, but it is necessary to make you understand what follows. We were what indulgent parents called 'wild boys,' what sternest truth-tellers call 'dissipated young men.' Young and with ample means at our command, we ran the career that borders closely on vice and crime. For three years we continued this miserable course of folly, keeping our position partly by family influence and partly by exerting our powers of intellect at intervals to redeem 'past idleness or misspent time.'

"The fourth year we really devoted to study, and passed creditably through the necessary examination, but after leaving college old habits resumed their sway. Plunging recklessly into the amusements of the large city where we lived, we became involved in debt, and made our lives one long course of fashionable extravagance and dissipation. To dress with taste, to be acknowledged leaders of fashion, to drive the fastest horses, give the best suppers and flirt with the gayest belles, seemed the height of our miserable ambition, till we both became conscious of loving truly and fervently. The ladies whose fair faces became the light to

show us the folly of our lives were good, pure women; one the daughter of a leading physician, the other the orphan niece of a wealthy banker.

"At first, a false shame kept us both silent; but in some moment of better feeling we both mutually promised to amend our lives, and try by steadiness and rectitude to become worthy of the love we coveted. Frankly and without one reservation, I laid my case before Dr. Lee, the father of my Amy, and he held out to me the helping hand I sought. Making my reward dependent utterly upon my own merit, he admitted me among his students, and allowed me to visit in his family, where for five years my present wife waited for me to prove my love."

"Herbert was not so fortunate. His addresses were treated with scorn, but he won the lady to consent to a clandestine correspondence. Meantime he obtained the situation of clerk in the bank over which her uncle exercised some control as director. With a resolute determination to win the esteem he had periled by his former career, he kept his head clear and his hand busy with his new duties, striving earnestly to overcome the evil desires that still clung to him."

"Three years after Herbert had entered the bank, it was discovered that extensive frauds were being perpetrated and large sums stolen from the institution. With bitter malice, Mr. Wallace, the uncle of the woman whose love was given to Herbert, fastened this crime upon him. He was followed and watched, and among his private papers were found letters and part of the stolen money, the letters containing proof that he had spent larger sums than his salary would cover. He was imprisoned, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Two weeks after his trial the prisoner escaped, and no trace was ever discovered of him, but the malice of Mr. Wallace was thwarted, for Margaret fled from home on the night when the prisoner escaped. They were married in New York, and sailed for California the next day."

"The doubt of Herbert's perfect innocence of the charges brought against him never crossed my mind—never for one instant dimmed Margaret's faith in him, and she accompanied him as cheerfully on his flight as if friends and relatives had sanctioned her marriage with the noblest of the land. Under an assumed name Herbert again tried to win a position, and aided by Margaret's possession of a large sum of money, he started in business in San Francisco. "Five years later, when my own marriage had been blessed by two crowing babies, Albert and Lizzie, and worldly prosperity was smiling upon me, I again saw Margaret Arundel. Herbert had lost everything by a destructive fire, and this devoted wife had come home alone to beg aid from her uncle, and to obtain from the government her abused husband's pardon."

"It was a wild evening in February when she came to my office, weary and faint, to implore me to help my old friend. She had seen her uncle, and been cruelly taunted as a felon's wife, and refused the most trifling aid, and as the last words of her pitiful story left her lips, she fainted in my arms. That same night, or rather the next, eighteen years ago, you were born, and two hours later your mother died."

"I wrote to your father, inclosing such pecuniary aid as was within my reach, and promising to fill a father's place to his child till he could claim her. Maggie, dear, you can best judge if I have kept my word."

But Maggie's voice, broken by sobs, had no word; only her clinging arms round his neck, her face lifted to his, told how truly she felt that he had indeed fulfilled his task.

"For two years I heard nothing from my old comrade; but then he wrote. He had again obtained a foothold among the merchants, and was winning his way to affluence, but he implored me to keep his child, never to let the taint of the felon's name rest on her life. From that time he has sent me yearly more than sufficient for your support, still imploring me to make no difference between you and my own children. Wishing, however, that you should enjoy what was truly your own, I proposed to him to inclose a portion of your income to yourself, and have contrived to drop it in the post-office so that you receive it on St. Valentine's day. Your own generosity has still kept the balance even, for I am sure

that but a small portion remains after your gifts to all have been selected.

"And now, my dear child, before we open this envelope, let me tell you that no father's love was ever stronger than mine for you. Your gentleness, your frank, loving heart, your obedience and intelligence have been to me as great a joy as the gifts of my own children, and the separation will be as painful as if Lizzie or Hattie were about to be taken from me."

Quieting her own emotion, Maggie watched the doctor as he broke the seal of his letter. Only a newspaper scrap fell from it, but upon this was printed:

"The murderer of L—J— to-day in open court confessed his crime, pleading the heat of passion as his excuse. Following the long confession which we give in another column, the prisoner made another one almost as important. Twenty-three years ago he was clerk in a large banking house in B—, and in love with the niece of one of the directors, Lemuel Wallace. Being favored by this gentleman, now deceased, he was anxious to be rid of a rival, and with the aid and consent of Mr. Wallace contrived to fix the crime of the celebrated bank robbery of that year upon him, secreting in his desk forged letters and some of the missing money, and swearing to acts and words of the accused which would make his guilt appear certain, but of committing or uttering which he was perfectly innocent. He begged that, as some atonement for the crime he has just confessed, Herbert Arundel's name may be cleared before all the world, as he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge. During this recital one of the jurymen, Henry Atherton, a merchant whose name is one of our most honored among merchants, was observed to be violently agitated, and as the prisoner concluded, he rose from his seat and stood erect, facing him."

"Look at me, John Davis," he cried.

"John Davis! that is my own name," said the prisoner, trembling in every limb, but obeying his request.

"Look at me," repeated Mr. Atherton, "and say if I am not the Herbert Arundel whose good name you swore away twenty-three years ago?"

The prisoner gave him a long, searching gaze, and then trying in vain to speak he fainted on the floor.

"Mr. Atherton, or Arundel, has been besieged by congratulating visitors, but it is rumored that as soon as he can arrange his business and collect his vast wealth, he will return to B—."

It was in vain that Maggie tried to speak in answer to the doctor's kind words of encouragement and congratulation. The old gentleman, himself elated by this good news of his friend, was almost vexed at the white face and quivering lip the young girl turned to him.

"Maggie, think of it! After twenty-three years of lonely exile he is coming home a free, clear man, to establish his innocence and claim his child. My poor child! all this agitation has been too much for you. Shall I leave you alone for an hour or two while I tell the others?"

"Yes, yes; let me think! It is all so very strange to me."

Strange indeed! to part from all these dear ones, whom she had always believed to be her own relatives, and go away with a stranger who was really her father! With yearning, pitying love, she longed for him, to repay the generous love that had starved itself so long to give her a happy home, and yet she shrank from this bitter parting before her. Lizzie, Hattie and the children, had never seemed so dear, and Albert—how could she leave Albert? From the time when he had shared his marbles with her, and refrained from breaking her doll, she had always been his pet sister. Lizzie and Hattie were together constantly, and Albert became very fond of the baby whose brightest smile was for him, of the child whose first word was his name, of the young girl who turned to him ever for protection and companionship.

Belle as she had been, she preferred Brother Albert as an escort to any of the adepts who always begged the office, and while the two older girls were always provided with "beaux," Maggie kept the place for Albert. And he was not her brother! The strange father would carry her away from home, sisters, father, mother and brothers. Worn out with conflicting emotions, the young girl carried her sorrow to the source

from whence she had always looked for support, and kneeling down by the doctor's chair she prayed feverently for counsel in her new duties, strength for its trials, gratitude for its blessings; prayed for the dear unknown father, for the tenderly loved home circle she must leave, and as the whispered words fell from her lips she felt the painful agitation quieted, and the troubled throbbing of her heart growing calm again.

She had risen, and was standing by the window waiting for the return of the doctor, when the door opened and a tall, handsome man, with iron gray hair, and a kindly look in his gray eyes, came forward. It scarcely needed his open arms and tender call of "Margaret, my child!" for Maggie to know her father, and the loving words he poured out upon her, told her that he would keep his word, "never again to let her go from him."

The whole morning passed, and the long separated father and child held uninterrupted converse, the one seeming only too happy to scan again and again the features of his daughter, to hear the music of her voice, to take into his heart the timid but warm assurance of her sympathy and comfort, while she, already opening her heart to take in the patient, noble nature that was leaning so trustfully on her love, was happy too, as a woman always is when she is a comfort.

At last the dear mother of her childhood came to break Maggie's long morning of loving intercourse with her father, and take her back again to the home circle.

For some weeks Mr. Arundel was content to stay at Longwood, and wear his darling gradually from the dear ties of her life, but the parting came at last, and Maggie left her old home to preside over her father's large house in B—.

The petted darling of the wealthy man, whose sole object in life was her happiness, she had every comfort, every luxury at her command; but money could not fill the great house with the music of home voices, could not lessen the painful homesickness of the loving heart.

Her father never dreamed of this pain. For him her face wore its gayest smiles, her voice rang out of its music in gayest welcome, and while he was near her the hours flew by in music and reading and familiar conversation. She loved him truly, but she was learning in absence another lesson of love; and she was learning to recall a voice that had always been tenderest to her, a brother who was fast becoming remembered and loved with a stronger affection than even a sister gives. So, with threads of joy and pain interwoven, a year glided by.

"Maggie, dear," said her father, as he sat playing with his coffee cup, "next Wednesday week is your birthday, and we are to have a grand party. Everybody is to come, and Miss Arundel is to enter society. Now, I want you to write to Longwood and invite them all here, as many as can come. The doctor's family must come for a long visit, and you must ask all your old friends for the party. It is only four hours' ride from here, and they can stay all night. I may have been wrong in not having them here before, but I was jealous of the old affections. You have not been unhappy?"

"Not for a moment! I have missed them all, dear father, but I have never doubted your love, never wished to change my position. Yet if they could come sometimes for a visit—"

"As often as you will." Have one or the other always with you, dear, if it will make the hours when I am away less tedious."

St. Valentine's day found the doctor, and his wife, Lizzie and Hattie, Maggie's guests, while Albert was to come in the evening. Every preparation for the great party was completed, and Mrs. Layfield bustled about full of the importance of mistress for the nonce, and chaperon for her dear adopted daughter, Maggie.

Late in the afternoon Maggie received the only valentine offered her that day. She was in her room, preparing for the evening, when the white envelope was handed her, and she let it lie unopened while she finished dressing. As she broke the seal, the mirror before which she stood threw back her figure, in its glossy white silk, its fleecy lace folds and the pure pearl ornaments, her father's gift. The rich dark hair, braided low on the neck, contrasted well with the pearls there resting, and the beautiful face bore the test of

full dress bravely. She looked very lovely, and as she read the words before her the deep flush that mounted to her cheeks was not unbecoming.

Inclosed in folds of soft paper the letter contained a ring—a circlet of pearls with one bright diamond in the center. She took all in her hand and softly went down stairs to her father's library. He was alone there, and greeted his darling with fond words and proud praises; but she put in his hand the letter and the ring.

He sighed as he read, but the blushing face before him gave added force to every word of this earnest petition.

"Maggie, Maggie, I cannot live apart from you. The brother's love, for so many years part of my very being, was nothing to the earnest devotion I lay now at your feet. I love you fondly, truly, as a man loves but once, and I implore you to give me one word of hope that you will return my love. If you can give me the precious boon I crave let me see the inclosed ring on your finger to-night, the sign of betrothal to one who will make your happiness the hope and study of his life."

"ALBERT."

Studying Maggie's face earnestly, the young girl's father read there her answer.

"He must come here, Maggie; I may take a son, but I cannot lose a daughter."

She clung to him, whispering: "Nothing shall part us, father." Long he held her closely in his arms, then with a fervent kiss and a whispered blessing her father put Albert's ring upon her finger.

Robert Fulton.

Robert Fulton was born in Little Britain, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania, in 1765. His father, a poor man, died when he was three years old, and Robert had to fight his own way through the world, with very little help from any one. He possessed a talent for art, and at the age of seventeen proceeded to Philadelphia and established himself as a painter of portraits and landscapes. Before he was twenty-one, he had earned enough money to purchase a small farm in Washington Co., Pa. Some time after this period, Fulton went to England, where he met the Duke of Bridgewater and the Earl of Stanhope. These noblemen were very much interested in canals, which were then being introduced into England, and the Duke recommended Fulton to abandon the brush and devote his attention to civil engineering. Fulton followed his advice and engaged in canal building. Lord Stanhope had a decided genius for mechanics, and one of his projects was to propel vessels through the water by means of gigantic ducks' feet, worked by machinery. Fulton saw that this would not do, but he afterwards improved on the idea when he built his steamboat.

Fulton invented a marine missile, called a torpedo, which he claimed would blow the vessels of an enemy out of the water with the greatest ease and expedition. He offered the invention to the French, English and his own government but there was some hitch in the machinery, and so it died a natural death.

Fulton now turned his attention to water navigation. He was not the inventor of steamboats—several others having propelled vessels by steam—but he was the first who was successful in making the public believe in the invention, and in carrying it out. The first experiment was tried in France, and was measurably successful. Fulton now applied to the legislature of New York for the exclusive privilege of navigating its waters by steam. His request was granted on condition that the vessel should be propelled at the rate of four miles an hour. The first boat—the "Clermont"—was built under the personal supervision of Fulton. It was one hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and seven feet deep. The engine was constructed by Watt and Bolton, England, and the hull by David Brown, of New York. The trial trip took place on the Hudson River in the summer of 1807. A great crowd had collected in order to laugh at Fulton, believing that the whole scheme would prove a failure, but much to their astonishment the laugh was on Fulton's side. Fulton thus describes the first trip of the "Clermont" to Albany: "My first steamboat voyage to Albany and back has turned out rather more favorable than I had calculated. The distance from New

York to Albany is one hundred and fifty miles; I ran it up in thirty-two hours, and down in thirty. I had a light breeze against me the whole way, both going and coming, and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam-engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners beating to windward, and parted with them as if they had been at anchor. The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York, there were not, perhaps, thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility; and while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors. Having employed much time, money and zeal, in accomplishing this work, it gives me great pleasure to see it fully answer my expectations. It will give a cheap conveyance to the merchandise on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen; and although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantages that my country will derive from the invention."

The following advertisement appeared in the *Albany Gazette*, September 1, 1809. Compare it with those in the papers of to-day!

"The North River steamboat will leave Paulus Hook [Jersey City] on Friday, the 4th of September, at 9 in the morning; and arrive at Albany on Saturday at 9 in the afternoon. Provisions, good berths and accommodations are provided. The charges to each passenger are as follows:

To Newburgh, \$3 00—time, 14 hours.
"Po'keepsie, 4 00 " 17 "
"Esopus, 5 00 " 20 "
"Hudson, 5 50 " 30 "
"Albany, 7 00 " 36 "

Of course, as soon as steam navigation was an established fact, every body took an interest in it. It is only when an inventor, or a man whose ideas are in advance of his age, is struggling with difficulties, that he is sneered at and snubbed.

Some speculators started a rival line, and infringed upon Fulton's patent. Fuller and his partner, Mr. Livingstone, applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction, but it was refused. They then applied with better success to the Court of Errors and the exclusion privilege of navigating the waters of New York State by means of steam remained in the hands of Fulton and Livingstone. The State of New Jersey, however, had granted the right of steam navigation to John Fitch, one of the first discoverers of the power of steam, and Mr. Livingstone endeavored to get a revision or reversal of this privilege. Fulton appeared as witness, and while crossing the Hudson in a row boat, on his way home, in New York, he took cold and it brought on a violent spell of illness. From this he partly recovered, but again committed an act of indiscretion by exposing himself to the cold blasts of winter, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He gradually became worse, and died February 24th, 1815.

CYRIL CADWALLADER

Pullman Topics.

DEAR EDITOR:—We will give you a few items about this town, and the mutants who live in it.

This beautiful town contains many very expensive residences, and has the largest car works in the world. Four mutes reside here. One, Mr. Frank Andrews, who was educated at the Michigan Institution, charges the large sticker machine, and is a skillful and first-class workman.

George Fraser, a graduate of the Illinois Institution, and who lives in Chicago, is running the new machine for jointing wood. He is much pleased with his job.

Isaac Wilson, of Canada, is busy at the Fay's Improved Mortising Machine. His cheeks are always red while running that machine.

"Pullman Boy" is a "sticker" and has a good, honest position.

Those who live in Chicago come and go home daily on the railroad train. They expect to move this month.

A company is erecting a fine and elegant residence, which will be occupied by Mr. Frank Andrews. Probably his house will be finer than that of any mute in Chicago.

PULLMAN BOY.

Chicago, Feb. 8, 1882.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 16, 1882.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it. TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, 15.00
These prices are in advance. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
TERMS, cash in advance.

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All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

One of our subscribers writes to us that some of the mutes in his locality complain that there has been nothing in the JOURNAL concerning them or their doings for several issues. We are very sorry for this; but the remedy lies with the mutes themselves. We always make room for interesting communications concerning the deaf and dumb. We cannot go to those places personally and write up the occurrences that may transpire. The great Metropolitan papers—such as the *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Sun*, *World*, and others, do not print news from every quarter. They make many thousand dollars a day. They have an almost unlimited supply of capital, and can send and maintain representatives in every large city. The JOURNAL can not do this. It is a paper published in the interests of a class whose members are comparatively small, and who are scattered over a very large area. Some of these send us articles and items about deaf-mutes, for which we are always thankful. We would like all of our subscribers to note down items that will interest the JOURNAL readers and send them to us. If every subscriber would take an interest and a pride in their paper, it would soon become a mirror of all the happenings among the deaf in the whole country. Some of them, perhaps, do not think themselves competent to write anything fit for publication. Those who may be so impressed with their unworthiness are the very ones that should make the attempt. If the facts are written and sent to us, the language will be corrected (if it needs correcting) and the writers will see their mistakes, and the oftener they write the faster they will improve and the better will their language become.

Let us hear no more complaints from any one in this connection, but let every subscriber do his or her duty, and we will guarantee that ours will be fulfilled. We ask every reader to send us one item or article a week, or, if that is impossible, one a month, and in a short time every one will be pleased and profited by the little acts of their fellow subscribers.

The Thirty-Third Annual Report of the South Carolina Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind has been received. The school is situated at Cedar Spring, S. C. Mr. N. F. Walker is Superintendent. In the department for the deaf and dumb there are three teachers, one of whom is a teacher of Articulation. There are also two masters of shops—printing and shoemaking being taught. The blind have three teachers, and are also taught the trade of broom and brush making. The number of deaf-mutes enrolled during the term was 43—of which number 29 were females, and 14 males. There were 16 blind pupils—10 females and 6 males. There has been much progress made during the school term embraced in the report, and the Superintendent is quite enthusiastic over it. Articulation is proving successful in the cases of pupils who have been instructed in it. The expenditures for support amounted to \$3,725.65. As the school is heated by the open fireplace system, there is a request for an appropriation of \$3,500 for the purpose of securing facilities for having the building heated by steam, which would undoubtedly be far more convenient and assuredly a great deal safer, especially when considered in connection with the blind inmates. A portrait of the founder of the Institution, Rev. N. P. Walker, has been painted and placed in the building. "The Institution was an individual enterprise of the founder,

rom its inception in 1849 to 1856. In his first Report after the latter date, when he saw the school permanently established as a State Institution, he wrote:—"This day, with a soul swelled in thankfulness to Heaven's God, I point you, my countrymen, to this Institution, as the offering of my life to the State which gave me birth, and has kindly watched and nursed me."

Farewell Surprise Party.

The Denton place, having been purchased as the State Experiment Farm, some of his mute friends concluded to give him and his esteemed wife a farewell surprise party. Whereupon a committee of two—namely, C. Cuddeback and S. A. Taber, were chosen to manage the affair. February 10th was appointed as the time for holding the party. Cards of invitation were distributed abroad.

On the named day, the mutes began to assemble in the village of Geneva from all directions between Syracuse, Rochester and Elmira, and remained in the village until the appointed hour. The hour being done, all were conveyed in three "busses" to the stately mansion-house of Mr. N. Denton. Both Mr. and Mrs. Denton, unaware of their approach, were in everyday apparel, as they had busied themselves in packing up some things preparatory to moving by March 1st. Mr. Denton, happening to catch a glimpse of lighted "busses" stopped at the house, hurried out bare-headed, wondering what it could mean. But the mutes quickly rushed out, and besieged him, "shaking" him, and bestowing their greetings, and he understood the meaning of the party. There, all were welcomed into the house, and his wife was taken by surprise. After laying aside their heavy burden of packages and other articles, they made themselves at home and comfortable. It is needless to particularize the way they behaved on meeting each other, but suffice it to say that it afforded them much gratification and enjoyment to see each other once more after a long while had elapsed.

At 10 or 11 P.M., the guests repaired to well-laden tables, in which they participated festively, satisfying their keen appetites. The feast consisted of countless varieties of cakes and other victuals, which in grandeur was equal to that of a wedding feast. The supply being super-abundant, a large quantity of cake was left at the close. The sumptuous repast being over, neat little speeches were delivered by one of the committee, Mr. Cuddeback, and by the host. That of Mr. Cuddeback was pertaining to the purpose of the assembly and their exertions in bringing their plans to such a success. The host spoke to the effect that he and his wife highly appreciated the honor they so unexpectedly received, and that it made them feel that their friendships with those present were everlasting and fast. Both speeches were listened to with much attention and well applauded. The rest of the night was spent very pleasantly and mirthfully in chats, dancing and other innocent games, until the break of the morn, and all the participants, on leaving, shook hands, and wished them all enjoyment, happiness, etc., that could be had, and proceeded homeward with their memories full of enjoyable and gay times, which will not soon be effaced. All those present thereat agreed that this party was so grand a success as to point to pleasure and enjoyment, that their travelling expenses to and from Geneva were not felt.

Much credit is due to the Committee for their exertions in making the affair so brilliant a success.

Many thanks are due to the host and hostess for their treatment, so freely and equally extended to all.

The number of those present was about 45—viz:—

From Ontario Co.—Mr. and Mrs. C. Cuddeback, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Garrabrandt, Mr. and Mrs. C. Krebs, Mrs. Lizzie Barry Dougherty (bride), Miss Maggie Barry, A. C. Gordon, and Mr. Halsey. From Cayuga Co.—Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Taber, Mr. and Mrs. J. Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. DeShong, Mrs. John Benedict, Miss Kittie Beardsley, Jennie Dyer, and Mr. Chapman.

From Syracuse.—Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wood, Miss Annie, E. Lewis, Nye Brown, and E. E. Miles.

From Wayne Co.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Keller, J. R. Pimm and sister, A. W. Hadden, Miss Hunters, and Mr. Cogswell.

From Monroe Co.—W. Hebing, and Graham brothers.

A. Christ, Gordon and others.

J. R. P.

Feb. 13, 1882.

Notices.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain is expected to conduct the usual services for Deaf-mutes in St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, on Sunday, the 19th inst.

Rev. Mr. Syle is expected to officiate in St. Ann's Church, New York, at the service for Deaf-mutes, 2.45 P.M.

Deaf-mutes are invited to the Church of the Ascension, Greenpoint, Long Island, on Sunday, Feb. 19th, at 2.30 P.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret the service.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark-items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

Josiah Quincy is informed that Mr. and Mrs. Webb live in South Windham, Maine.

Mrs. N. J. Ellis, of Catawissa, Pa., was lately in Rensselaer, N. Y., visiting friends.

Stephen Shuey, who has been at the deaf-mute school in Fulton, Mo., is now in Havana, Mo.

Miss Julia Houck, now of Rensselaer, N. Y., expects to move to Berwick, Pa., on the 1st of April.

Alma Smith, a deaf-mute, in Abington, N. H., which he will convert into an office, where she was valued at \$500.

Mr. Carr is doing well on his job in a printing office in Sparta, N. J. He was in St. Louis, Mo., on the 24th ult.

It is said that already over one hundred full tickets for the Manhattan Literary Association have been sold.

A short time ago a number of friends called upon the charming Mrs. Emily Kelly, and were right royally entertained.

Mr. Allen of New York, a semi-mute cook on a steamer, is going to get married to Miss Ella Towle, of East Boston, next spring.

Horace S. Gillet, for twenty-eight years a teacher of the Indiana Institution, died of typhoid fever Monday last, aged seventy-two years.

Mr. C. Edmonston, of Moundville, N. Y., was grieved to hear of the death of his old-time friend, Dennis Mahoney. He writes to hear from Mrs. E. C. Card.

Mr. Simon Johnson, of Monroe, and Miss Nellie Chapman, of Belfast, were united in marriage by Rev. W. Brown, the brother of C. A. Brown, on the ninth day of February, 1882. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brown were the only invited guests present at the wedding, and presented the bridegroom a pair of wrought shippers, as a token of their friendship.

Henry Bonteler went from Boston to Canada to look for a job. Not succeeding, he went to Lynn, Mass., where he got work, and says he makes better pay than he could in Boston. He will stick to his job as long as he lives.

F. W. Lohse and Miss Martha E. Stein, of this place, both deaf-mutes, were last week married by Rev. Sherry. It was a rather difficult thing for the minister to perform. He succeeded by reading passages of the service in the dumb way, and then having them interpreted to the contracting parties by one familiar with their alphabet, the response being made in the same way.—*Lebanon (Pa.) Advertiser*, Feb. 8.

Mrs. Samuel B. Wyckoff died in Baldwin City, Kansas, on the 15th of November last. Her age was 69 years. She has formerly lived in Marshall, Oueda, Co. N. Y., and before her marriage, her name was Orpah Lyman. She was taught by Prof. Levi Backus in Canajoharie, N. Y. She died a happy Christian, and meets her youngest son in Heaven. She leaves a husband and son, George Wyckoff, who is a teacher in the Deaf-mute School in Olathe, Kansas.

One of the most successful meetings of the Twilight Union was held last Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Lockwood in Brooklyn. Several new members were admitted, one of them being Mr. W. G. Fownall, the mute artist on glass, and much other business of importance to the organization was transacted. About 40 o'clock, the meeting adjourned, with the singing of hymns, which had remained in the adjoining parlors, most of the members of the club socially, and as general good time was enjoyed, it being passed in conversation and dancing until 11 o'clock, when all dispersed to their homes, noting the meeting of the club as most enjoyable one. Another meeting will be held next Saturday evening, the 18th inst., at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Jahring, when a full attendance of members is expected.

According to the Constitution and By-Laws of the Twilight Union, applications for membership must be made in writing, endorsed by two active members, and sent to the secretary ten days in advance of the next succeeding regular meeting.

An Interesting Service.

An interesting deaf-mute service was held at Zion Church, last Friday evening, at which the teachers of the Central New York Deaf-Mute Institution and many of the older pupils were present. Many of our citizens interested in deaf-mute education were in attendance. Rev. Dr. Egar, and Miss Chapman, of Niagara Falls, officiated, the exercises being interpreted to the deaf-mutes in the sign-language by Dr. Gallaudet.

Dr. Gallaudet made an interesting oral address on the deaf-mute mission, which was interpreted to the deaf-mutes by Prof. Nelson. Dr. Gallaudet gave many interesting statistics and much valuable information relative to the education, individual and spiritual, of deaf-mutes of this country. There were fifty deaf-mute institutions in the country; 7 out of the educational, 43 grew some thought of the care of adult deaf-mutes. In 1850 St. Stephen's Church, in New York, instituted a Bible Class for deaf-mutes. This led to the establishment of St. Ann's Church, in which a sign service has been held once each Sunday since October, 1852.

Other special services are also held. Dr. Gallaudet is the pastor of the church. In 1859 he began to give religious instruction through articulation.

At the close of this address, B. Rev. Bishop Clarkson spoke briefly but pointedly of the work west of the Mississippi River, explaining the need of more funds and more workers in the domestic institution field. His address was interpreted to the deaf-mutes by Dr. Gallaudet. At the close of his address a collection was taken up for the benefit of the deaf-mute mission.—*Home Opinions*.

"Lewis" and "Imperator" honored Mr. and Mrs. Reighart with a visit last week, and enjoyed a No. 1 time.

"Frankie" would like to have an occasional line from his fellow-student, Mr. Samuel Haas, of the National Deaf-Mute College.

Will Mrs. A. H. Reidel let us know if she lives in New York or East New York, in order that her paper can be mailed to her address.

Mr. Ross, of Brooklyn, sports a new suit of clothes, and a high-top. He looks nice. Here is a good catch for a pretty girl of character.

There are five deaf-mutes living in Deerfield, Mass., now. They are Mr. and Mrs. Whittelsey, Mrs. D. J. Smith, Eugene Thak and Emma Jacobs.

Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., the honored principal, of the New York Institution, will lecture before the M. L. A., on Thursday evening, the 23d inst. Come one! Come all!

Will Miss A. Stoffel, of New Haven, Conn., please send to Lizzie A. Stevens, of Gardner, Mass., the address of Thomas M. Kane's sister. If she can, she would be thankful for it.

Mr. Archie Woodside was elected chairman of the Garfield Memorial Fund Committee of his locality, for the purpose of collecting funds for the monument to be erected in the chapel of the Deaf-Mute College at Washington City.

Those coming to the M. L. A. Leave from Brooklyn, by way of the 6th Avenue Elevated R. R., should not fail to take the Harlem Branch of that road, and alight at the 53d street and 8th avenue station. Manhattan Hall is but one block distant.

Master Willie Sawhill, educated at the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is now in the employment of the Bradbrook steel works, and is getting along as nicely as ever. Stick to it, Willie. He is a witty fellow, and also a graceful conversationalist.

It is currently reported that Mr. Tom McGinnis, of Columbus, O., contemplates coming to Bradbrook some time during the spring, where he will secure a situation in the steel works. It will gladden the hearts of his Pennsylvania acquaintances when he does come.

Mr. John A. Dunlap, of Jersey City, will in a short time move to Brooklyn, and become a member of the Twilight Union. Mr. Dunlap is employed in a large hat factory, of which his brother is one of the proprietors, and has a charming wife and interesting children.

Alex. Deszendorf, of Brooklyn, is now staying with his cousin at 16th and Chertsey Streets, Philadelphia, but expects to return home next Sunday. He was pleased to see his friend of "Old Fanwood," Mr. Hewitt, at St. Stephen's Church, last Sunday.

We understand that there has been held a conference of eleven prominent mutes of Iowa, at Des Moines, Iowa, yesterday, Wednesday 15th, to perfect arrangements towards holding a convention next summer. Mr. Russell Smith, of Omaha, Neb., has, prior to this time, been Secretary of the Committee. We wish the project success.

The Diamond sisters, as sparkling in wit and vivacity as the gem from which they derive their name will be at the M. L. A. big festival. These young ladies are capital dancers and will be strong competitors for the "Manhattan Prize." The Misses McLaughlin, Morgan and Wright, all first class dancers, will enter the contest. Who of the deaf-mute belle's can defeat them? Mrs. Emily Keitt and Miss Clara Brady are the only ones the writer knows.

A few evenings ago, "Frankie" Senior was seen on Fulton Street purchasing his wedding outfit. The white satin and lavender kids will do for the "big levee" on the 21st inst., to which he will take his bride. The writer always finds that a certain artist was exceedingly fond of the "yellow boys," but it never occurred to him that when "Frankie" got "accouped" into the matrimonial net he would do so well. Wish you a long life and a happy life, and one full of joy.

Hereafter, when President O'Brien sets out to create fun at another's expense he will doubtless first look sharp, who he objects at the victim. It seems that at the "Whiskey Strippers," in the course of the evening, he was chosen to act as judge in a game of "fortifika." By some misadventure, one of the articles to be redeemed, belonged to President Reighart of the Twilight Union. The penalty inflicted was a speech, which Johnny knew was not in his supposed victim's line, but he insisted. Therefore he, to the astonishment of a few and the amusement of many, launched forth with some reminiscences of school-days in which the "judge," in a very clever side, but "this honor" only blushed at the laurels strewn upon him.—*Cor.*

At 8 o'clock P.M., Saturday, February 4th, a birthday party in honor of Mr. William Reighart, who resides in North Bradbrook, Pa., was tendered by quite a number of invited guests, consisting partly of mutes and partly of speaking persons, which turned out to be an entire success in every particular. In spite of the heavy fall of snow, the parlor was filled with guests, and was filled almost to its utmost capacity. "Imperator" arrived at a late hour, on account of some trains accidentally being wrecked, and found that there was a large gathering. Well, we can conscientiously assure you that the evening was spent in that cheerful and pleasant pastime, dancing, playing chess and checkers, telling narratives of incidents, spelling and other games. Mr. Reighart is a gentleman of pleasing, amiable and generous disposition, and highly esteemed by all who know him, although he has been in very delicate health. That William may live to see many happy returns of the day, and that he may be blessed with excellent health and prosperity for the future, is the sincere wish of his numerous friends. Refreshments at 9:30 P.M., were zealously partaken of, such as cakes, bananas, oranges, apples, lemonade, etc. At the conclusion of the games was a repeat—a renewal of the games was as indulged in by all, with expressions of satisfaction and joy, which was kept up until a late hour, when the company dispersed to the land of happy dreams. Our kind thanks are due Mrs. William Reighart for her kind endeavor to make it an event of pleasure and enjoyment. It is understood every body said that the occasion was one of the most splendid evenings of the season, which will long be cherished and remembered by all who participated.

DIED.

In Deerfield, Mass., February 1st, 1882, Sophia S., widow of the late Aaron Foster, died, aged 78 years. She was formerly Miss Sophia Smith, of Westfield, Mass. She graduated from the American Asylum about 50 years ago. Mrs. Whittelsey, Mrs. D. J. Smith and Eugene Thak attended her funeral at her residence.

If you want to have a good time, go to the M. L. A. levee, "rain or shine."

Miss Louisa Hinkle, who is living in Mechanismburg, Pa., says she likes the JOURNAL better than other deaf-mute paper.

John Trask and wife, of Auburn, Mass., went to Deerfield to visit his friends last Thanksgiving, and spent two weeks with them.

Mr. James C. Stubbs, of Philadelphia, while in Washington lately visited the Deaf-Mute College. He also saw Guitau in the dock on January 4th.

John W. Gray, whose native place is Perry County, Pa., resides in Duncannon, Pa. He is doing well. He does not expect to visit any of the neighbouring towns this summer.

Miss Louie Patton, the charming niece of Mr. Geo. Lockwood, expects to attend the "levee" in company with well known Twilighters. This fortunate young fellow always did have an eye for beauty.

"A Woonsocket Boy" desires to say that the item that W. H. Green, of Worcester, Mass., contemplates purchasing a \$2,500 house was too good to be true. He got that information from his friend.

At the annual election of officers of the Manhattan Literary Association, the following gentlemen were chosen: President, John Wilkinson; 1st Vice-President, George L. Reynolds; 2nd Vice-President, Sol. Cornelius; Secretary, John Hogan; Sergeant-at-arms, Henry Frey.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Knox will attend the festival on the evening of the 21st inst. They will be accompanied by a number of friends. Mr. Knox is a first class book finisher, brother-in-law of Rev. John Chamberlain and, one of the most refined, respectable and independent mutes of New York City.

A deaf-mute book agent, named John Ryan, went into a hotel in Titusville, Pa. The colored lander gave him whiskey until he became intoxicated, when he got into a fight. A policeman took him to the lock-up, where he was kept three or four days. It is not known where he is at present.

Mr. Bruthi, of Philadelphia, is training as a runner at the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium. He is a very fast runner. He says that the item which appeared about him in the JOURNAL two weeks ago, was partly wrong. It was milk that he drank, and which came near spoiling his Sunday best.

On Monday afternoon, February 6th, Rev. Syle held a service in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Columbia, Pa. There were five mutes present—Miss Katie Tarbit and Mr. Sterling, of Columbia, Pa.; J. Bowers and her sister-in-law; a mute of Springerville, and Laura Leiby. After service, Rev. Mr. Syle had a conversation with them.

Lizzie A. Stevens wishes to know if Mrs. Annie Larrabee lives in Winchendon, Mass. If it is true that she lives there, as she has heard, she would think of seeing her, and would like to know where to find her or her address. Further, if Annie chances to be in Gardner any time, she would do well to hunt Lizzie up, as both could be good neighbors.

James Harpe, a mute, sells the Deaf-Mutes Alphabets at five cents each. He paid a visit to Miss Leiby, of Wrightsville, Pa., and gave her one. He was printer. He says he will go to see strong competitors for the "Manhattan Prize." The Misses McLaughlin, Morgan and Wright, all first class dancers, will enter the contest. Who of the deaf-mute belle's can defeat them? Mrs. Emily Keitt and Miss Clara Brady are the only ones the writer knows.

John C. Beckwith, who lives in Horatio Street, New York, was born and educated by Mr. D. Hirsch, of Rotterdam, Holland. He learned to write English by studying in the evenings. He first came to America ten (10) years ago, but returned to Holland in 1881, where he visited his mother and his old teacher Mr. Hirsch. He presented the latter with Reports of the New York Institution and of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes. On his return to America, which he reached last month, he had a stormy voyage, the propeller of the steamer having broken. It was towed into port by the "Persian Monarch."

Jonathan Buxton, of Wakefield, Mass., writes:—"As a deaf-mute, I stand alone in Wakefield. I am not lonesome, for I have many hearing and speaking friends, who do all in their power to make me happy. I wish to tell you a few things which may interest your readers. The snow has fallen to a great depth in this place, and the roads are very bad. On Sunday they turned out to break them out, and had to hire a number of men to help them. On Monday last, I had a hen come off with two little chickens. I had last month, two other broods hatch out. I commenced my well a short time ago. I went 16 feet, 10 feet was rock. I shall try to finish it next spring. I was glad to hear from Wm. M. Chamberlain once more, by way of the JOURNAL."

A correspondent in the Itemizer of the last JOURNAL, comes to the rescue of the supposed-to-be defunct Social Union, and asks why it was styled "a sort of a well club." That question can be easily answered by those who were so unfortunate as to attend one or more meetings of that "stylish defunct," and witnessed how things were conducted in the interest of a few at the expense of the many. Who could respect an organization when the aim of at least a number of its members, the chief of whom, for a time, was "that correspondent," was to see who could "out-bigger swell," where flattery, "the worship of money," was carried on in a most disgusting manner; where insignificant individuals were made prominent, not by reason of their superior intelligence and refinement, but on account of the *out and cost* of their coat. It was also noticeable that a number of mutes who have made themselves obnoxious to many of their class by the "air" which they generally "put on," outdid themselves in this line at the meetings of the Social Union. The air cast upon the Twilight Union, of Brooklyn, amounts to nothing, as the latter organization is extremely popular with its members and their lady friends. Go where you will, either among the mutes of the Metropolis or the City of Churches, and you can find its champions. None can join it whose chief recommendation is the length of their purses; a good character and a respectable standing in the mute community is necessary to all who desire to become members of it. As to the "professors" and two other gentlemen mentioned by "that correspondent," the majority of them are exactly the ones who don't want to hear any more of the "swell club," but why attach to the tail of the kite, the names of the last three individuals? Such small potatoes are hardly worth noticing. Now does our friend of West 17th Street, understand? The writer is or was a member of the Social Union, while "that correspondent" is or was not, he having resigned without reasons, one or two months after its organization.—*Cor.*

The writer wants to know the address of Mr. C. J. Daughdrill, of New Orleans. Let him know through the JOURNAL.

Dr. Hill, of Williamatic, Ct., had a long ride with Rev. Job Turner in Atlanta, Ga., last November, and had a nice time with him.

Will some one tell us who Simon Jellison is? We have a communication from him, but do not find him on our list of subscribers.

John Ellis, a nephew of Nattie J. Ellis, of Catawissa, Pa., was killed while doing duty as brakeman on a train on the 20th ult., and was buried on the 24th.

The wife of Charles H. Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y., has bought one of the new Howe Sewing Machines advertised in the JOURNAL. She likes it better than any other machine.

A boy named Grace or Gramish, is enjoying the sweets of jail life in the Montgomery County Jail, Dayton, Ohio. The charge against him is that of burglary. His trial comes off soon.

Miss Annie Drum, was at the Bazaar in Grafton, Canada, for a week. She had a splendid time at the grand ball in the Town hall. On Wednesday, February 8th, she attended a surprise party given to Mr. T. Hoskins.

Rev. Mr. Mann took part in three services at Christ Church, Dayton, Ohio, Sunday February 5th. At morning service, he interpreted in the celebration of the Holy Communion. At 4 P.M., he baptized the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield. At 7:30 P.M., he and Rev. Mr. Webster, the rector, conducted a combined service.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnold, of Mill Hollow, please accept your friend, N. J. Ellis' best respects and wishes for your prosperity. Mr. Ellis was pleased to hear of the marriage of John E. Dougherty, and wishes him and his bride much happiness, and a long life. Ellis had the pleasure of meeting him at Harrisburg last summer. He looked happy and hearty.

When Sol Schloss was Vice-President of the M. L. A., he took every possible occasion to humiliate those who were caught talking, and if members, imposed a fine of ten cents. Last Sabbath, Sol. Schloss went to St. Ann's Church, took a back seat and talked and laughed all through the service. Christianity would not have suffered if some one had fired him out into the gutter.

Albert Chapman, of Cambridgeport, Mass., formerly worked for Jaques & Co.'s Barrel Factory in Cambridgeport for six years. He left there last summer on account of very hard work and small pay. He went to Allston, Mass., with his very intelligent mother, where there are four deaf-mutes working in the Boston & Albany R. R. Car shops. His mother helped him to get work, and now he is learning to be a car painter.

N. J. Ellis is pleased to remember himself to Mrs. Rankin, Mrs. Van Coriut and to Mrs. Coulter and Miss Kanah, who make themselves useful by teaching mutes at the deaf-mute institution at Philadelphia. He would also like to see Shamus Shannon and Longenberger and his brother Charles very much. He has not seen them for years. He would like to know where he can pay them a visit.

Mr. George W. Allen, one of the oldest pupils of the Hartford School, died suddenly of cramps in the stomach, at Franklin, Ct., (not at Canterbury as stated in JOURNAL.) Saturday afternoon, January 28th, aged 79 years, 11 days. He was buried in Hanover Society, Lisbon, Ct., Tuesday noon at 1 o'clock. At the time, snow fell thick and fast. His youngest daughter, Mrs. Howell, of Newark, N. J., has been visiting in Williamatic, Ct., for three months.

The St. John, N. B., School.

The deaf-mute, Archibald Glenfield is notified of his dismissal from the New Brunswick School, and is requested to send to St. John his outfit and to settle the accounts. He will be held responsible for the doings of Farnworth, who never has been authorized to solicit for the Institution. The Principals of the deaf and dumb schools are requested to take measures to stop their collections for the Institution.

Feb. 7, '82. A. W. ABEL, Principal.

A Deaf-Mute Killed.

As the express going east on the Canada Southern Railway, Tuesday morning, was about three miles from Hagersville, Canada, the engineer noted a man walking on the track. The alarm whistle was sounded, but without effect, and before the train could be stopped it had struck and killed him instantly. The train was stopped, and the body taken to Hagersville, where from papers found it appeared that he was a deaf-mute of very good education, character and ability. His name was Oscar F. Phelps, and evidently was an American, making his way to Buffalo.

[Mr. Oscar Phelps, the deaf-mute of Buffalo, who was walking along the railway, and was killed last Tuesday morning, the 7th of this month. He was 64 years of age. His father lives in Cleveland now, but his mother died some years ago. A few of his brothers are living. All the mutes of Buffalo are very sorry for his death, because he was a good man.]

Testimonial of Respect to the late Horace S. Gillet.

WHEREAS, The all-wise Providence, whose judgments are unsearchable, but whose ways are always right, has seen it fit to remove from his home, and from the Indiana Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, as well as from the deaf-mute world, that Institute, to higher spheres of blessedness, our highly valued friend, Prof. Horace S. Gillet, the late instructor of the Academic Department; Therefore, That, whilst sharing in full measure this sorrow which has touched our State's heart, even reaching beyond the State, we, formerly his pupils, wish to tender our profound and sincere sympathies to those who stand nearest him in the endeared relations of wife and child, whose richest heritage will be the memory of a life consecrated to the cause of deaf-mute education.

Resolved, That Mr. Gillet having died in the 73d year of his age, to us, his memory is endeared by peculiar association. All that was good and great in him as well as his noble years which have elapsed since he was appointed a teacher of the Institute, contributed to its noble prosperity and to the place it holds in public estimation. Generation after generation of pupils have come and gone since he began to instruct. Teacher after teacher, officer after officer, and director after director, has passed away, but the changes which have been wrought have never diminished his interest in this great work of benevolence or his determination to labor devotedly for the best welfare of those committed to his charge.

THE LEVEE.

A Positive Success.

THIS AND THAT.

The Metropolis.

The Levee is bound to be a success. It is the subject of the hour, and hardly anything else is talked of. The members of the M. L. A. find no trouble whatever in selling the tickets—the number which entitles a member to free admission—and as a result everybody is pleased—the members at the prospect of saving a dollar, and outsiders at the cheapness of the tickets.

Manhattan Hall is located in an excellent position, and it could not be better for persons coming on the 6th Avenue Elevated trains. The station at 8th Avenue and 53d Street is only one block distant from the Hall. The trains which go up to this station are those which run to Harlem, and can be distinguished from those that stop at Central Park, by there being a square target, as it may be called, with a green bull's-eye attached to the place where the headlight on the surface roads generally is. In the evening the target is changed for a green light, but it would be the safest thing to ask the conductor if the train goes through to Harlem.

To say the least, the entertainment promises to be one of the most enjoyable ever held in the metropolis. A short stage scene is to be enacted, and is to be followed by dancing, by those who can dance.

An excellent programme of games of various kinds, we have been informed, has been prepared for those not wishing to "trip the light fantastic toe." Everybody will be sure of having their money's worth of fun. Excellent music, we have no doubt, has been obtained for the occasion—though it is not either Gilmore's or the 7th Regiment Band. Supper at a reasonable price can be obtained in the Hall restaurant. Hats and caps will be checked for ten cents. Ladies' and gents' retiring rooms are connected with the Hall. Seats will be furnished for wall flowers. Partners will also be furnished for those wishing to dance. No introduction is necessary to take part in the games. Loud talking not objected to. Representatives from the college "band" are expected to be on hand, and will give a few selections from their extensive stock of music. (?)

New England is expected to be well represented. Deaf-mutes who have friends there have received letters informing of intention to attend. The "City of Brotherly Love" contemplates sending its prettiest lads and lassies, but they will by no means find the levee a "quaker's meeting"—quite the contrary.

We regret to say we could not give the proceedings of the M. L. A.'s meeting, as we are a miserable non-member, and as a result not allowed in.

It seems to have become a sort of deaf-mutes' freemason or odd-fellows society.

The item in a recent issue of the JOURNAL that several non-members had given their intention to join since it was incorporated, is to the best of our knowledge false.

Trouble seems to be brewing for the M. L. A., and a single thread supports the sword which seems ready to fall at any moment. The resignations, during the past year, have been greater than the applications for admission.

Incorporating the M. L. A. is one of the worst things, we think, the M. L. A. could do. It will have to make a new deal, if it don't want its enemies to hold the winning card.

The Chairman of the Committee to revise the by-laws and constitution, who was the most urgent in having the association incorporated, did not, as we personally can prove, at the time the brilliant idea flashed into his brain, know of the laws of incorporation, and when too late regretted he ever thought of it.

Incorporating a deaf-mute association of not over one and a half score members, is one of the most foolish things that ever came under our notice. Now, to make a quorum, over one-half of the members must be present. This has hardly ever occurred, except in times of special importance. Charging an admission fee, is also the same.

Supposing a distinguished deaf-mute, a non-member, visited the M. L. A. rooms and had to pay over ten cents for the privilege of looking around. Nice, ain't it? Also, supposing he visited the rooms during a business meeting—no non-members admitted—nicer still!

The C. L. U. held a meeting on Wednesday, 8th inst. The Secretary was ordered to send a letter of thanks to those who had contributed over \$5, and publish a letter of thanks to those who contributed less than \$5, in the JOURNAL. Resolutions were also offered that \$5 at least be contributed

to the Garfield Monument fund, which was passed.

One of the members, in a burst of wrath, threatened to resign, and at first it seemed as if a storm cloud was rising above the horizon, and the air seemed fairly blue, but after cooling down, as his resignation would not be accepted, he consented to remain a member.

The Hon. John Hogan is no longer a member. The Secretary, as he said, notified him that if he was not in attendance at the next meeting he would get his walking papers. He wasn't there, and as up to that time nothing was heard of him, his name was dropped from the books to slow music and blue fire.

Mr. Charles O'Brien was unable to attend the meeting, so his application for membership was tabled.

From the list of contributors to the Costin fund in the hands of one of the committee, it seems the largest amount contributed was by Mrs. Donohue, which was \$30. (Thirty) the next \$11.50 by Mrs. Slattery, Mr. Pownall and wife \$10, Miss Power \$5, and the others all the way down to ten cents.

A few deaf-mutes were seen at Haverly's Brooklyn Theatre, last Saturday, the 11th inst. "Samuel, of Posen, or the comical drummer," was the bill, and seemed to be enjoyed by the deaf-mutes hugely.

Tom Brown was at St. Francis Xavier's last Sunday, and as usual spun a long yarn on the joys of married life.

Mr. Weinberger, of Harlem, was also there, with his bright looking son, who seems to be a regular chip of the old block.

The following is from the New York Press, a new evening paper.

"Here is the greatest instance of womanly bravery on record:

"The heads of two families lived in adjoining houses in New York for twenty years, and never spoke an angry word to each other.

"They were both deaf and dumb."

Maculay, as "Terwilliger Fitzpatrick" has it—the best deaf-mute journalist's best friend—in his case.

John F. O'Brien attended a masquerade of hearing and speaking persons last Monday, the 13th inst.

St. Valentine's day has gone and left behind it some pleased, and some mad persons.

X. X. X.

St. Louis Splinters.

Mr. M. J. Smith has returned to St. Louis, and intends to stay. He says there is no place like St. Louis. Of course.

Miss Mamie Nettleton left for New Orleans on the 11th. She will not return until May or June.

Capt. J. H. Kohlmetz has resumed work, the cigarmakers having become the upper dog in the fight against employers who wished to cut down wages.

There was a pleasant surprise party on the 11th, at the home of the newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Wm T. Campbell.

Mr. John Gill gave an entertainment, lately, to his friends at his home, No. 2850 Cass Ave. Among those present were Capt. Kohlmetz, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown, the Misses McAmley, Miss Lou Kavanagh, Miss Mamie Nettleton, Miss Delia Pearce, Miss Delia Cannon, Messrs. Wm. Stocksick, Henry McAmley, Chas. Wolfe, E. J. McNamara, W. E. Guss and J. J. Smith.

Rev. Mr. Mann will deliver a lecture here, Saturday, April 8th. Subject: *Charles Dickens*. The lecture will probably be delivered in the Chapel of Christ Church. About fifty deaf-mutes attended the services on the 12th, Mr. Mann officiating.

Miss Lizzie Forgy, who speaks quite fluently and reads the lips so well that very few suspect her to be a mute, has been placed in charge of an infant class in a Presbyterian Sunday School. She is delighted with her charge, and says the children are all under five years of age. Some of the younger ones have said things which made it impossible for her to refrain from laughing almost aloud. One of them seeing her point upward as she was telling them about God, turned her large blue eyes to the ceiling, and seeing nothing, exclaimed, "I don't see God there." Another little one, a boy, four years old, had a piece to speak at home about David and Goliath. When his grandmother, parents, uncle, and other members of the family and a minister, who was visiting them, had come into the parlor to listen to him, he disposed of his piece in this short order. "David came out of the house and called to Goliath to come out of the other house. When Goliath came out, David threw a stone at him, but missed him. Then the Goliath knocked the stuff out of David."

Mr. Charles Wolf is making rapid strides in learning his new trade—job printing. He is working in the very office in which a number of worthy deaf-mute printers had tried hard but unsuccessfully to get employment. We hope Mr. Wolf's employers will come to realize that there are honest conscientious deaf-mute printers as well as bad and dishonest ones. Two deaf-mute printers, whose names we refrain from mentioning in this office, were given employment in this office some years ago, but the foreman soon discovered that they were born rascals, and speedily dismissed them.

We need a kind of protective organization. Let us have one, and let no deaf-mute, who is known to be dishonest and worthless, become a member of this association.

G. W. H.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

More Dramatics.

A "SHOCKING" LECTURE.

A Series of Paragraphs.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Last Wednesday, the city daily papers contained accounts of an entertainment given by several of the students, at the residence of Judge Davis on New Jersey Avenue. This entertainment was given under the auspices of the Armaranth club, composed of a number of ladies and gentlemen residents of Capitol Hill. The exercises consisted of the declamation "All the world's a stage," by Mr. R. M. Zeigler, and subsequently a rendering of "William Tell," by Messrs. Sawyer, Reed, Layton, Zeigler, Fox, Morrow, Lynch, Smith, Collins, Griffin, Larson, Allabough, Leib and Master Leitner. When the pantomimic part of the programme was concluded, a number of the ladies present sang to the accompaniment of a piano, after which the room was cleared for dancing. In this part of the programme, the students took a prominent part, and showed their accomplishment in a manner that rather surprised the company, who had an idea that dancing was something deaf-mutes knew nothing about. Several figures having been gone through, leave-taking was next in order, and the meeting adjourned, leaving a pleasing impression on those who attended it.

From the literary meeting, the students repaired to the residence of Mrs. S. Benedict, on East Capitol Street, where a splendid collation had been prepared for them, through the liberality of the hostess. Here a most enjoyable hour was passed in reviewing the events of the evening. Before leaving, the party was ushered into the dining-room and helped to all manner of good things by the attentive hostess and her charming daughter. At length the students started for College, and then commenced the real fun. It was a glorious night, the moon shining bright and the snow lying most accommodatingly loose in all directions. Soon the air in our vicinity was filled with flying masses of snow, and not infrequently some devoted student was crushed under a miniature avalanche sent as a reminder by some one in the rear. This battle, followed by a regular pitched battle, out of which the combatants would crawl on all fours, with a feeling that a snow storm must be raging down their spinal cord. Once or twice some outsiders attempted to take a hand in the game, but they got it so warm that they deemed it best to leave us in our glory—and they did. That night's skylarking will long be remembered by the participants.

The announcement that Professor Chickering would deliver a "shocking" lecture on Friday, drew a large audience to the chapel at the appointment. Besides the professor and students, there were also present a number of young ladies from Faculty Row, who lent a certain zest to the occasion. The professor opened his discourse by defining electricity, and then went on explaining the manner in which it is produced and how it acts upon different substances. At various stages of his remarks, the lecturer gave illustrations by means of apparatus, thus keeping the attention of his observers upon the subject under discussion. In concluding, the professor illustrated the lighting of gas by electricity, and then invited the audience to try a "shock." Accordingly a ring was formed, which extended all the way around the chapel. Some real fun was now enjoyed, as old and young, big and little, felt the tingling sparks, while the lecturer worked the machine. At length an extra strong shock was felt all around, which effectively broke up the circle and ended the lecture. It was a highly interesting and instructive discourse, and brought the lecturer considerable applause. It is probable that the next lecture will be on "Galvanism." Yesterday afternoon, the third Sunday School Concert was held in the chapel, the subject of discussion being "Beauty." After the usual charity collection, the representatives from the different classes ascended the platform in succession, and gave their reflections upon the significance and teachings of the Word. As the day was a very pleasant one as regards the weather, the audience was somewhat larger than usual.

PARAGRAPHS.

Has Spring at length come? The valentine fiend is busy to-night. Spear, formerly of '84, has caught the high bat fever.

A new Joint Committee on managing the reading room was chosen on Saturday.

The Freshies and "Ducks" have ordered their gymnasium outfits.

Van Damme, '82, has raised his bowl score up to 251 points.

Harry up, New York, or your subscription to the Garfield memorial fund will be too late.

Advices from the collectors clearly

show that the memorial fund will soon be up to the sum required.

Electricity is stronger than a Junior after all. At least one of them was knocked nowhere by a shock given him a few days since.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, Feb. 13, '82.

THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

Official Bulletin, No. 10.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, KENDALL GREEN, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 11, 1882.

The following subscriptions have been received, and the money paid, since the last bulletin:

Through Mr. D. H. Carroll, additional—
J. P. Kelley, Stewartville, Minn., \$1.00
Geo. A. Harmon, Fairbault, " 1.00
Julia Ashley, Jackson, " 1.00
A graduate, Minnesota Inst., 51
PUEBLO, MINNESOTA INSTITUTION.

O. Thompson, 1.00
L. W. Hodgman, 1.00
G. L. Washburn, 1.00
A. Schroeder, .35
E. Schwartz, .25
F. Shanley, .25
William Oels, .25
F. D. Poucha, .25
W. Dixon, .25
L. Larson, .25
L. Lefebvre, .25
R. Thompson, .25
E. Knuts, .25
P. Klage, .15
J. O'Brien, .15
M. B. Carter, .15
S. Field, .15
F. Betz, .10
J. Popaki, .10
R. J. Campbell, .10
Bertha Frick, .10
Anna Erickson, .10
Olara Doyle, .10
Mabel Carter, .10
Helen Stenrod, .10
J. Thorsen, .10
Mary J. White, .10
W. B. Gervail, .10
Mary Graham, .10
Mary Sexton, .10
Mary Fitzpatrick, .10
Gerlie Wells, .10

Total \$10.55

Through Mr. D. A. Simpson, St. Louis—
Miss Lizzie Forgy, 5.00
H. H. Kohlmetz, 2.00
D. A. Simpson, 2.00
Miss Salie Fisher, 1.00
Della Cannon, 1.00
J. J. Smith, 1.00
W. E. Guss, 1.00
J. H. Wolf, 1.00
W. T. Campbell, 1.00
Wm. Stocksick, 1.00
J. T. Bove, 1.00
M. O'Brien, 1.00
T. J. Brown, 1.00
Wm. Stafford, 1.00
H. G. Diekhofner, 1.00
Wm. F. Porter, 1.00
J. C. McQuay, 1.00
Henry Taylor, 1.00
Chas. Wolf, .50
E. J. McNamara, .50
J. J. Gill, .50
Thomas Bohn, .50
Henry McAmley, .50
Miss Lou Kavanagh, .50
Annie McAmley, .50
Mary McAmley, .50

Total \$40.55

Through Mr. E. A. Hodgson—
John B. Herman, Buffalo, N. Y., 1.00
Joseph J. Schlager, " 1.00

Through Mr. F. W. Bigelow—
Charles E. Fish, Danby, Vt., 1.00
Allen B. Meacham, Guilford, Vt., .50
Henry A. Porter, St. Johnsbury, Vt., .50
Frank W. Bigelow, " 1.00

From Otis Vance, Secretary, for the Anderson Literary Society, Cincinnati, 5.00
From Orson Archibald, Brookston, Ind., 5.00

Total \$55.55
Amount already reported, 407.75

Total to date \$463.30

The following named persons will act as agents for the Memorial:

Samuel Davidson, Braddock's Field, Pa.

William R. Drum, east end of Pittsburg, Pa.

H. H. B. McMaster, Pittsburg and Alleghany City, Pa.

Theo. Grady, State University, Berkeley, Cal.

Harry E. Babbitt, Brookline, Mass.

E. R. Carroll, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Simpson writes that he was much assisted by Mr. A. H. Kohlmetz.

Mr. A. H. Schory writes from Columbus that the Ohioans expect to raise \$100.

In answer to several correspondents, it should be stated that,

First, The memorial has no connection with any newspaper or other enterprise. Persons who send money to any such enterprise, therefore, will do so at their own risk. The only persons who have been authorized to receive subscriptions for the memorial, are those whose names have been given in the several bulletins.

Second, It is hoped that photographs of the plaster cast from which the bust will be made, can be had in April or May. The lithograph of the bust will be made from these photographs; and it is probable that the lithographed certificates will be ready for distribution in the early fall, if not before.

A. G. DRAPER,
Treasurer.

A Voice from New England.

A good deal of surprise and dissatisfaction have been expressed in New England, at the unnecessary delay of the Board of Managers in appointing the date and place of the next convention of the Gallaudet Association. Upon interviewing the officers for the reason of the delay, they all blame the president for it, inasmuch as he has the power to call a meeting of the Board, and he has not called one yet, in spite of the fact that two members of the Board had, as long ago as last November, presented him with a petition for a meeting to determine the time and place of the next convention, to which he lent an obstinate ear. It is said, among those who know him the best, that J. T. Tillinghast loves delays. The officers say that they have received letters from numerous deaf-mutes in New England, demanding the reason for the delay, and they are unable to give any satisfactory explanation. Hoping that this letter will have the effect of spurring the slow, over-cautious old man of New Bedford into more activity, I sign myself

AN OLD MEMBER.

BELFAST, MAINE, Feb. 10, 1882.

CINCINNATI.

The Blind Poet of Kentucky.

A. L. S. MATTERS.

Our next Picnic, and Personal Notes.

Mr. Heady, the blind deaf-mute poet of Kentucky, is well known to the mutes in Kentucky, and is related by marriage to Mrs. George Schofield, of Danville, Ky. He can converse with mutes by means of what is known as the "Indian Alphabet." The writer often spent nights at his residence in Spencer County, Ky., and always found him a very sociable and pleasant gentleman. He is in very good circumstances, and living with his parents on a fine farm.

Mr. Chas. Taylor is a well known Methodist minister, and is friendly to the mutes.

The Anderson Literary Society met at the usual place last Saturday evening. John Hahn resigned his office as Librarian, owing to the multiplicity of offices he held. William J. Blount was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy.

The society has closed a contract with the proprietor of the Bellevue House, to hold our next picnic on the grounds on July 1st. It is their intention to make it a grand and successful picnic, and I hope all mutes from near and far will come and enjoy the day with us.

Arrangements to celebrate the birthday of the man who cut down the cherry tree and didn't tell a lie to his daddy, fail, owing, perhaps, to the indifference of those present.

Phil. Thimmes, who is a great patriot as well as a great hunter, invited members to come to his home in the far western end of the city to celebrate. But his home being in the small-pox district, the mutes deem it prudent to keep away. Phil. will celebrate by himself.

Mrs. Dr. E. N. Gray was a visitor at the society, and just before the adjournment, she handed to the president a paper to be read before the meeting. It is as follows:

CINCINNATI, O. Feb. 4, 1882.

TO THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF "THE ANDERSON LITERARY ASSOCIATION."

DEAR FRIENDS—It affords me very great joy to greet you to-night. Coming as I have from my Eastern Home, the City of Brooklyn, N. Y., and knowing some of you personally, the pleasure is enhanced by the fact that I meet my friends—also my own dear daughter's friends. And now, allow me to thank you all for the kindness you showed to her—while on a visit, so far away from her own home, and those who loved her. Often did she write to her Family Friends telling them "of the kind acts, and pleasant words of those her friends. Shut out often did the prayer go from my Mother's heart: "Father, bless these friends, with health, life and prosperity."

The mutes are a community of themselves. A bond of fellowship that is strong, exists among them; such bonds should ever be enduring. A fellowship formed under such conditions and circumstances, should be lasting. Shut out as you are, from sound and ordinary conversation, how beautifully you all can talk by the glance of the eye, the smiling lip and the heavenly glow of the heart, calls out for name, and without words of the heart, the Christian religion. Doubtless beautiful are all such; for bright as the heavens shall be the brow of those whose hearts are filled with love to God and love to those who love Him. This evening's pleasure I shall long remember, and may I not entertain the hope that you will remember me? I am glad that my daughter is one of your members, and although distance now separates her from you, remember that in her far off home, as the night comes when you meet together here, she thinks of you all, as one by one, she in the silent language of her heart, calls out for name, and while "absent in body, she is present in spirit."

The advancement the deaf-mutes are making speaks well of the intelligence, the enterprise, the ambition that exists in head, heart and brain, of the teachers and the taught. Once more allow me to say, I am glad to greet you, and before I shall leave this place, give me the warm grasp of your hands, as I now receive the pleasing assurance that I have the friendship the esteem from all your warm hearts. Respectfully,

Dr. ELIZABETH M. GRAY.

Then the society voted her a vote of thanks, and shook hands with her.

M. J. Smith, the big rolling man from St. Louis, was in the city recently, coming from Columbus, Ohio, and at once secured a job at Swift's mill, in Newport. While there, he received from the Vulcan Steel Works, St. Louis, an offer as Rail Inspector at a good salary. He then accepted and took cars for St. Louis to enter his duties on January 30th. He is a good and pleasant fellow, and we are sorry that he has concluded to leave Cincinnati, but congratulate him on his getting such a lucrative place.

John Long is back-at-work in a shoe factory. He looks so healthful after feeding on buttermilk and corn bread. His family is still in the country.

Tony Byrne is working in a shoe factory, and will not travel and be robbed again.

Joe Lunning looked so happy at the meeting last Saturday, and on enquiring the cause, I was informed that his wife presented him with a baby on the 1st inst. I wanted to borrow that Fairbanks scale from "Silas Wegg," of Vis-a-vis, to weigh the baby, but he said it was still at the police station.

2-9-82.

ROME ITEMS.

Spring-like!

The snow thaws, but there is snow enough for good sleighing.

Mr. C. H. Cooper, of Watertown,

N. Y., is in town, and a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Story.

Mrs. Benedict, of Victory, N. Y., who had been visiting her son, one of our teachers, has gone home.

Mr. E. B. Nelson has gone to New Orleans, La., on business, connected with his deceased father's estate.

The health of the pupils is excellent, except that a little boy, of about ten years old, who is dangerously sick with brain fever, and is not expected to live long. His name is James Smith, and his home is in Schenectady.

Miss Dunning, of Little Falls, made her appearance once more at our Institute. What she wanted we know not, but suppose that she as usual wanted to find out if she could find a place to teach. Hope she will at last succeed. More anon. Feb. 13, 1882. BITTERSWEET.

BEVERLY ITEMS.

A meeting of the Trustees of the School was convened on the 6th inst., but owing to the depth of the snow, consequent upon the violent storm which had raged on the Friday and Saturday previous, only one member of the Board was present, and that was none other than Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, who, faithful to his engagement, had braved the dangers of the road to come to Beverly for the double purpose of holding a combined service in the town on Sunday, and of being present at the Trustees' meeting the day following. He had come under difficulties. He held a service in Boston, at which were present Mr. Geo. Homer, Mr. and Mrs. Parcells, Mr. Elias J. Welch and Mr. Harry White. After the service, the Doctor, accompanied by Harry White, took the 5:10 o'clock train for Salem. Mr. Bowden was expected to meet them at the depot with the horse and sleigh, but on account of the dangerous condition of the roads, Mr. Bowden found it impossible to drive over.

After waiting a few minutes longer, the Dr. hired a man from the stable to drive him over to Beverly, as he was anxious to keep his appointment at all hazards. The wind was bitterly cold and the way long, but beneath that calm, quiet demeanor so characteristic of the doctor, there was evidently a strong will and a determination of purpose that was not to be easily baffled by adverse circumstances.

The horse could proceed but slowly, and several times the snow reached up to his body, bringing him to a stand-still, and forcing Dr. Gallaudet and Harry White to alight in the snow, which, as a matter of course, was no comfortable thing to do. The drive across the long bridge which spans Salem and Beverly, proved anything but pleasant, on account of the biting wind in that exposed space. The brave horse plunged on until the Episcopal church was reached. There were no lights in the church, and to all appearances it had not been opened to a congregation that day—which afterwards proved to be the case—and the Doctor was in a quandary. To go on towards the School, which was situated out of the town, over a bleak road deeply covered with snow, was impossible. The Doctor and Mr. White consulted together upon the best course to pursue under the circumstances. It was resolved to turn back and call on Deacon Roundy, a genial, whole souled man. No sooner said than done.

The good deacon received the way-farers with open arms, inviting them to stay at his hospitable mansion. The warmth of the fire on his hearth was grateful to the benumbed travelers, and the offer of his hospitality was eagerly accepted. The next day a path was cleared, and Mr. White tramped alone on the frozen snow toward the School, and the horse and sleigh were brought out to bring the good Doctor to the School. He staid until the afternoon, when, as there was no meeting of the Trustees, he left. On this occasion, another "fatted calf" was killed, which evidently amused the Doctor.

Coasting is literally the rage at this School on the part of the boys and girls. Such a reckless love of the sport by children of tender years would astonish a looker-on. The way a six-year old boy flies over a ditch and bounds over a stone-wall, is enough to raise the hair on one's head. It is a very exhilarating sport, however, and as long as it is kept within proper bounds, no ill-effects can result from such an out-of-door exercise on the constitutions of both sexes. The sport is quite as enjoyable to the "children of larger growth," as Messrs. Henry and Hardy P. Chapman, of Salem, found when they took part with the little pupils in an ancient amusement for which the last named was famous in his younger days.

Taking advantage of a fair day and the deep snow, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy P. Chapman, of Salem, came over in a cutter to pay Mrs. Bowden a visit.

About two weeks ago, the Committee of the Salem Deaf-Mute Society invited the pupils belonging to the school for Deaf-Mutes in Beverly, to a magic-lantern exhibition, which gave them a peep into wonder-land. Hardy P. Chapman managed the exhibition successfully, and to his kindness, as well as to that of the rest of the Committee, the children owed the treat. Their enjoyment was enhanced by a sleigh ride from Beverly to Salem and back, under the mellow light of the moon.

Mr. Samuel Hamilton, our faithful agent, has moved to Wenham, a few miles from Beverly. He manifests his interest in the Prayer Meetings conducted in the School, coming with his wife or children in a carriage or a sleigh as the weather may permit.

ROME.

The annual meeting of the Trustees of the Central N. Y. Institution.

THE UTICA ART GALLERY.

AN ACCIDENT.

Prof. E. B. Nelson, Principal of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, has gone to New Orleans on business.

Charles H. Cooper, who came to this city yesterday, is visiting his friends. His health has evidently been better than several years ago.

PROVIDENCE RI
Stamp M20
Case 3000

FANWOOD.

New York Institution Paragraphs.

ANTICIPATION.

An Hour in the Boys' Study Room.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

On the evening of the day in which the announcement that Sullivan was the champion prize-fighter of America was flashed over the wires, the striking room of the boys presented a striking contrast to its everyday appearance. Groups were scattered here and there throughout the room, and Ryan-Sullivan was the all-absorbing topic of conversation. It was a splendid opportunity to study individual character. Here was a youth whose caste of features would at once indicate him to be of Irish descent, gestulating with alarming vehemence in close proximity to the face of a quiet-looking American youth, whose scornful lip and flashing eye betrayed his contempt for the logic of his hot-headed companion. Finding that argument made no impression on the impetuous American, the Irishman muttered something about the stupidity of some people and sauntered off to a more appreciative audience. But what's the trouble? Away in the corner of the room about fifty youths are congregated. Fearing the enthusiasm of some one had caused a row, we hastened to the scene of excitement expecting to be an unwilling witness of a fistful encounter. But no; it was a battle of words, or rather signs. The arms of a brawny looking mute were moving with the rapidity of the piston of a locomotive in extolling the merits of Ryan, and that his remarks were not lost on those assembled, was manifest by the frequent applause with which they were greeted. He had evidently posted himself with reference to the history of Ryan. During an intermission in which this doughty champion was endeavoring to regain breath he had lost by his violent exertion, his opponent commenced a counter argument. Beginning in a cool, quiet, self-possessed manner, he proceeded slowly but surely to change popular opinion. Every argument of Ryan's champion was reviewed in order and not cast aside until it was picked threadbare. It was nine o'clock (bed time) when he had concluded, but he had won his point. Every one of his listeners—barring his antagonist—sought their pillow to dream of the terrible punching propensities of Sullivan.

Let not our more aged readers raise their eyes in holy horror at the apparent terrible depravity of our youth. "Boys will be boys all the world over." Their thoughts and inclinations run in a totally different channel from those of older and wiser people. They completely lose sight of the disgusting and revolting spectacle of two human beings, covered with blood and struggling to mutilate or maim each other for a paltry sum of money and a doubtful reputation, in the romance of victory. Their eyes are not yet open to the barbarity and sinfulness of such proceedings. Fifteen years hence, these boys who now so eagerly discuss and extol the merits of these fighting brutes, will turn with loathing from a simple perusal of a combat of a like nature.

George and Ezra Pezars, of London, England, in a letter to a friend here recently, say they have grown considerably in size since they left New York. George is now five feet eight inches, while Ezra is five feet. They like England first rate.

Jessie Bunker, deaf-mute son of one of the late Siamese Twins, who attended school at Fanwood a couple of years ago, expects to visit his many friends here during the last week of March.

Miss Elizabeth Beecher, late Supervisor, who was compelled to resign on account of ill health, is slowly convalescing.

Honors are easy, as regards Institution gossip, between the coming levee and masquerade. A great many of the male members desire to attend the levee, but that \$1 admission fee is a tickler. Not but what they have the money, but prudence asks whether or not they can afford the outlay. Another, if not more important question, is whether they will be permitted to attend, lure or no lure. We can perceive no serious objection to this, as many of the officers have signified their intention of being present. As for us girls, we are patiently waiting for an invitation.

W. Elrich has left half a dozen more specimens of his skill in the carving line in the Institution sitting room. They possess considerable merit in their way, and materially add to the numerous attractions of the room.

Miss Bateman, a teacher in the Nova Scotia Institution, visited us last week. She had been visiting her deaf-mute brother in Washington, D. C.

A Miss Dane assumed the responsibility

bilities of Supervisor of the girls last Saturday. She fills the vacancy caused by the departure of Miss Beecher.

Prof. Clarke started for the South Tuesday morning. His wife has taken his place as teacher until he returns.

Miss Butler agreeably surprised her numerous friends here by a short call, last Friday.

The repairs on the burned hospital are nearly completed. The plasterers have commenced operations on it.

In order to correct many erroneous reports which are being circulated around the Institution and in the city concerning the absence of Joseph H. Donnelly, we would say he was privately dismissed and sent home Saturday morning last, his presence being considered by the Directors to be detrimental to the discipline of the school.

Some charming views of Scotland's lowlands, about a dozen views of prominent objects of interest in and about New York City and the usual number of comic views, were flashed on the chapel walls by the aid of the stereopticon, under the skillful management of Prof. Currier, last Saturday evening. They gave the liveliest satisfaction to all present.

It would be a pleasant surprise to the Fanwoodites, upon unmasking on the 22d, to find her representatives at College to be among the merrymakers.

The health of the inmates of the Institution was never better. It is surprising that with about 600 persons under one roof and with such weather as we are having, so few are ill. It is, however, but the necessary result of wise foresight and care on the part of those to whom the affairs of the Institution are entrusted.

Prof. Jenkins preached a very able sermon on intercession last Sabbath morning. His remarks went straight to the hearts of his listeners.

The Sisters of Charity connected with the LeConte St. Mary's Institution at Buffalo, N. Y., whom we mentioned in a previous letter, remained here nearly two weeks. They visited the Tarrytown Branch, and were very much surprised at the remarkable intelligence of our younger pupils. Upon leaving, they expressed themselves as highly pleased with the courtesy and consideration with which they were treated by all during their stay. Their visit is supposed to be the result of a recommendation by Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, of the State Board of Charities, who lately inspected all the Institutions for deaf-mutes in the State.

In spite of the frolics of the clerk of the weather, numerous visitors continue to pour in on us daily.

The city was besieged by hungry-looking deaf-mute costume hunters last Saturday.

A little bird told us Gen. Washington and lady will be too tiny for anything.

We anticipate the traditional "bride" will be decked out in gorgeous gorgeousness.

From morning till night on the 22d what a flutter and flurry our girls will be in. But the mirrors will have the hardest time of it.

It will be a smart lad or lassie who spots Prof. Jones. He is more adept in keeping his identity a secret on these occasions than he is in keeping possession of his watches.

GRACE H.

The Folly of Coveting Wealth.

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars.

"Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any man I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the young man, in astonishment. "Why you are a millionaire! Think of the thousands your income brings you every month!" "Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway, "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance and wear more than a suit at a time. Pray can't you do as much?"

"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own and the rentals they bring you."

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, why I can't eat or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy splendid furniture and costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses—in fact, anything you desire."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgeway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man that is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers! and as to anything I desire, I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in the world, the happier we shall be. All my wealth can't buy a single day more of my life—cannot buy back my youth—cannot procure me back power to keep afar off the hour of death, and then what will all avail, when in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever. Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

Interesting Letters.

ATHENS, GEORGIA,
Thursday, Feb. 2, '82.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—O that I were in Athens, Greece, so that I could write several times as long a letter as this, but I am in Athens, Georgia, and will try to give you some items of interest.

I should have had a service in this city last Sunday, but for a wreck which detained us at Greenville, S. C., about four hours. The rector of the Episcopal Church said: "It is a great pity, for I had arranged for services, and you would have had a very large congregation." He had me conduct a joint service with him in Euftaula, Alabama, last spring. I have decided to postpone it to May, on account of bad weather and muddy roads.

Let me give you a reminiscence of the rector, Rev. J. C. Davis.

He has considerable mechanical talent. During the war, he invented a machine to make cotton cards. He made several of the machines, and made a contract with the state government of Alabama, under which he manufactured a hundred and ten pair a day. He has made several other inventions, and would have made a fortune, but has continued preaching for Christ's sake. He is a very smart man. He feels much interested in the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

I will now give a short account of Mrs. Frances Dent, nee Miss Frances Thomas, a graduate of the American Asylum, for the information of her old classmates, Messrs. Brown, Homer, and others. She was seven or eight years old when she was sent to Hartford, Conn. She remained there about ten years. The last year she was at the asylum, her speaking sister was with her to learn the sign language. She died here about three weeks ago. Mrs. Thomas was laid away to her rest at Cartersville, in the upper part of Georgia, four or five years ago, leaving three sons and one daughter, who reside at Savannah, Ga. Dr. Gallandet and I had the pleasure of meeting her there.

I should have said that she was married to her first cousin, Mr. Dent. Her own brother is living in this city, and would write out an account of his sister for me, but he is out of town. Truly, all her relatives are rich or well off. The venerable Thomas Brown, of New Hampshire, told me that she was in the same class with him, and that she was a smart girl. I am writing this letter within two hundred yards of the house where she used to live. She moved to the upper part of this State at the close of the war.

This forenoon, Miss Dearing and myself had a pleasant visit to the late Mrs. Thomas' two speaking nieces. Their mother (sister of Mrs. Thomas) breathed this life three weeks ago. They said that she tried to spell on her fingers, notwithstanding she was paralyzed about twelve days before her death. She pointed to Heaven and died a happy Christian. The nieces spoke affectionately of their aunt, Mrs. Thomas. They said that she was a model housekeeper; that her system is perfect, and that she taught her servants to spell on their fingers, which they could do very well. In late life, her mind was impaired, I think, by age, and she could not write well before she expired. She said she was willing to die and go to the Saviour, to have her ears unstopped and her tongue unloosed, so that she might sing to Him. She was consigned to the dust beside her husband at Cartersville. The nieces are interesting ladies, and can spell and make signs well. They have a fine talent for drawing pictures.

Yesterday forenoon, Miss Marion Dearing and I called on a speaking lady, Mrs. Noble, who was once well acquainted with Mrs. Dent, as a neighbor. She told me that she learned to talk to Mrs. Mary McGill, nee Miss Mary Tart, of Mobile. Mrs. McGill will doubtless remember her as Miss Augusta Hill, of Athens—sister of Dr. Frank Hill. Mrs. Noble said that she used to go to school with Mrs. Thomas' daughter, whose mother, Mrs. Harris, passed away three weeks ago.

Miss Dearing asked Mrs. Noble whether she would rather be deaf or blind? She replied she would rather be deaf, saying: "Give me sight; let me see the faces of those I love and the beautiful world around. When you live to my age, and go through as much of the discipline of life as I have, you will feel that God's ways are the best, whether he gives or withhold what we think best."

Twelve miles from this place lived a singular deaf-mute, L. I. Flourney, who used to write letters advocating the establishment of a deaf and dumb confederacy in the West. He was considered a crank by many persons. He read a great deal, and had much information. He was entirely deaf, but he pretended to talk, but he could not be understood. About three years ago, I was about starting to see him, but to my surprise and regret received the intelligence of his death.

From the mansion where I am staying can be seen the University of Georgia, within the walls of which Dr. Gallandet and this writer delivered addresses to the students. Chancellor Mell told me, through Dr. G., that he knew Gallandet and Clerc very well.

I asked Mr. Dearing what caused the establishment of this University. He replied as follows: A large landed estate was given by a private individual, which the State took possession of, and this was the germ of the College. It has been in existence since 1801.

The population of this city is 7000.

It is often cooler here during the summer than it is in New York. It stands on several hills, and presents a fine appearance from a distance.

Last Monday afternoon I found a number of letters awaiting my arrival. One of them was from my well-tried friend, Mr. Thomas Brown, of N. H., who gave me a short account of the Boston Deaf-Mute Levee. He does nothing but write about religion and my mission work. He will be 78 years old on the 25th inst. He is very smart for his age. He writes me good letters, and I like them.

Few mutes of his age can write as correctly as he. He who wrote about the Levee for the JOURNAL, did not mention Mr. Brown well at all. I noticed nothing about him in the JOURNAL. Was he invited to make a speech on the platform? He always makes pertinent speeches. He has made about fifty speeches before both deaf-mutes and speaking meetings. God spare his useful life many long years. It was snowing when I got here last Monday.

I have been sojourning three days with Mr. and Mrs. Dearing, whose daughter was once under my instruction in Staunton, Va.

Miss Dearing says she came near accompanying Dr. and Mrs. Gallandet and Miss Walter on their great European tour. Her mother told her that she wanted her to travel with them. She would certainly have done so, if she had desired it. She always spells on her fingers instead of making signs, and conveys her ideas with accuracy in this way. She has lots of respectable relatives, and mingles with good society. She is a very skillful chess player, and I cannot beat her. Few deaf-mute ladies enjoy so much pleasure in mingling with refined society as she does.

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA,
Saturday, Feb. 4, 1882.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Yesterday morning I parted with my warm friends in Athens, Ga., changed cars at Lula, a small but thriving village, got off here late last night, and retired to rest much fatigued.

After leaving Lula, our conductor, Mr. John Brannan, as soon as he found me a mute, told me through the medium of his hands that he has a deaf-mute grandmother. I had never seen any body spell out "a deaf-mute grandmother" before. He said she lives in Covington, Ga., near Augusta. Her maiden name was Miss Bell, he believes of Vermont, but it is now Mrs. Lindsay. She was educated at Hartford, Conn., and had brothers deaf and dumb. I am at a loss to know how she came to Georgia from the North. I may meet her some time in April, God permitting. The Rev. W. W. Turner, of Hartford, Conn., may know her. We passed through Cartersville, Ga., which is the place where Mrs. Frances Dent (nee Miss Thomas) lived several years, and expired four or five years ago. The venerable Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Heniker, N. H., was one of her classmates at the American Asylum.

The baggage master introduced himself, and gave me to understand that he had a deaf-mute grandmother, and that she was educated beyond the Atlantic ocean. He and the conductor both made themselves pleasant, and attentive to my wants.

We stopped at Central, S. C., for dinner. The proprietor shook hands with me as if he knew me well, but I did not recognize him till he told me that I was Mr. Turner, from Staunton, Va. Then I recognized him as Mr. Howton. Central is the place near which Washington's old elbow chair is kept in good preservation. In my last, I said that the proprietor exclaimed that if any person would sit down in it, he could not lie for one year. Washington never told a lie.

A colored attendant on our train came up to me and asked me by signs if I wanted my boots polished, to which I replied in the affirmative. So he took them out to polish, and when he brought them shining to me, he surprised me very much by making signs well as we do. He told me by signs that I married him and his colored wife in Charlotte, N. C., last winter. Your readers may recollect having read my short account of the marriage ceremony in the JOURNAL at that time. He smiled as he signed to me that he has got a pretty little girl and a nice house. I congratulated him on her birth, in the mute language. I did not recollect him at all till he told me the story. We both enjoyed sign chairs for some time. It is his duty to keep the cars in good order, so that all the seats are clean, and that the cars are well heated, and to wait on the passengers.

This morning I met a pleasant gentleman in the office of this hotel, who told me that he had a little deaf-mute cousin in Jacksonville, Illinois. I cannot find time to call on Mr. Ray, a deaf-mute gentleman of good character, but have sent him word that I expect to be back next Monday. He is a graduate of the New York Institution, and a printer by trade.

I leave for Danville, Va., this morning, to meet my engagement to-morrow evening.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Detroit (Lecture)	March 4th.
Detroit	" 5th.
Flint	" 6th.
Grand Rapids	" 7th.
Albion	" 8th.
Jackson	" 9th.
Fort Wayne	" 10th.
Cleveland	" 12th.
Cleveland (Lecture)	" 16th.
Dayton	" 17th.
Cincinnati (Lecture)	" 18th.

MANHATTAN'S GRAND LEVEE.

The Programme Outlined

A PRIZE.

Voting for All.

Some of the Notables Expected.

It is now well known that the Manhattan Literary Association will hold a "Grand Levee" on the eve of Washington's birthday, February 21st. It is also known that it will take place at Manhattan Hall, 54th street, near 8th Avenue, and that the cost of admission has been put at the lowest possible figure so as to be within reach of all. The price of tickets admitting one gentleman and two ladies is but \$1.00. Single ladies' tickets 50 cents each.

The programme will consist of short speeches by prominent persons, a declamation by a handsome young lady, and a laughable farce, called "a mock trial." The above will be interspersed with music and comic songs with which our hearing friends will be delighted. At its conclusion, dancing will immediately follow.

To make this levee as enjoyable as possible to all, the committee have determined to offer a handsome prize to the best and most graceful (lady) dancer, and so as to give satisfaction to all, the assembled ladies and gentlemen will decide by their votes who is entitled to it. Each vote will cost five (5) cents; but any one can cast as many votes as they wish to, providing they pay for each one the requisite amount. For instance: If any gentleman desires to vote twenty or one hundred times, he can do so by paying his five cents for every vote he so casts.

The balloting will take place immediately after the five dances; three tellers, of which the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, shall be first, and the other two selected from the assembly by him will count the votes, and immediately after the intermission, announce the result and present the prize to the fortunate lady. Dancing and games will then be continued until 6 A.M. on the morning of the 22d inst.

Supper will be furnished by Terhune, the widely known caterer, at 75 cents per person, and will consist of the following:

Roast turkey and chicken, boiled ham, tongue and potatoes, bread, pickles, cranberry sauce, ice cream, harlequin, cakes of various kinds, and coffee.

Hats and wraps checked in both ladies' and gentlemen's rooms for ten cents, and it is expected that all who participate in the dances and games, will not bring them into the assembly room.

Among the ladies and gentlemen who are expected to be present on this grand occasion are Prof. Weston Jenkins and wife; Prof. Enoch H. Currier and wife; H. C. Rider, Esq., President of the Empire State Association; W. H. Krane and Eddy Frisbee of the Boston Society; Washington Houston, President of the Chirological Lyceum; H. P. Arms, President of the Cleric Literary Association, and Prof. J. P. Elwell of Philadelphia; W. Terhune, Esq. of Poughkeepsie; the Misses Isham and Durbrow; H. L. Jubring and Frank M. Senior, Vice-President and Secretary of the Twilight Union, of Brooklyn; Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, John Carlin, M. A., H. D. Reeves and Thomas H. Jewell, President and Vice-President of the Social Union; Rev. John Chamberlain of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Ould of Thomaston, Conn.; Mr. Gilbert Hicks of Old Westbury, L. I.; a representative of the JOURNAL, and many others.

A large number of deaf-mutes from distant parts of this and adjacent States, who will most likely desire to remain over in the city a few days after the Levee for the purpose of attending the masquerade of the pupils of the New York Institution on the evening of the 22d inst., and the lecture of Dr. I. L. Peet before the Manhattan Literary Association on the following evening, are recommended to stop at one of the following:

Hotels.
Bailey House, Sixth Avenue and Twenty-eighth street, well-furnished lodging rooms, 50, 75 cents, and \$1.00. Double rooms, \$1.50 and \$2.00.
Continental Hotel, Broadway and Twentieth street, first class lodging rooms, \$1.00. Both hotels are good and conducted on the European plan; large dining rooms attached to each.
All who can should attend this festival and have a grand time.

For the Committee,
Jno. Wilkinson, Chairman.
Geo. L. Reynolds, Secretary.
New York, Feb. 11, 1882.

TRUE GREATNESS.

It matters naught, my friend, how rich you are,
How grand or great,
How brightly o'er you shines ambition's star,
With high estate;
It matters not though rarest silks infold
Your stately form,
Or marble walls, inlaid with gleaming gold,
Shine out the storm;
But whether you have proved your noble birth
By noble deed,
Regardless of the snares or sinners of earth,
And useless creeds;
Whether your soul has soared in courage high
Ere and free,
With resolutions that could dare or die,
Is much to me;
I care not whether you have won in fight
A warrior's fame,
Or grained in silver letters dazzling bright
When you are near;
It matters not that people bow the head
In faltering fear,
Or nations tremble with a nameless dread
Of thought and deed;
But whether you have spoken words most kind,
And sown the seed
That bears rich fruitage in the human mind,
Of thought and deed;
Whether your heart has triumphed o'er its pride
With courage true,
And the lowly-hearted turned aside
Is much to me;
Whether your eyes have learned to look in love
On all around,
And turning other eyes and hopes above
Their bonds unbound,
Beholding all the rich reward that waits
For those who see,
Beyond the portals of the golden gates,
Is much to me;
For he who learns to labor and to wait,
Unweary by any fortune, any late,
Thus truly good, is truly grand and great.

The Catholic Literary Union.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, connected with St. Francis Xavier's Church of New York City, desires, through the medium of your paper, to express its sincere thanks to those persons who have been so kind as to act as its agents, and who in any way have helped to contribute to the fund recently mentioned in the JOURNAL.

Mr. John Hogan is no longer connected with this Association, and hereafter has no authority whatever to transact any business pertaining to the Association or Sunday School.

In behalf of the C. L. U.,
JAMES F. DONNELLY, Secretary.

A JOURNAL FOR MECHANICS !!

The publishers of the "MECHANICAL NEWS," an illustrated, practical mechanical journal, for eleven years published at Springfield, Mass., have decided to remove their paper to their Eastern Office, No. 110 Liberty Street, New York, on or about the 1st of March. The "MECHANICAL NEWS" is the best journal of its class published, and it is the intention of the Proprietors to still further improve it. In order to do this economically, and in the best possible manner, they have decided to remove the same to the Metropolis of the United States, where they can make the paper first-class in every respect. The "News" is a handsome sixteen page journal, printed on fine paper, with engravings of the latest mechanical devices, and subjects that cannot fail to interest every reader. They propose not only to make it popular with the artisan, but a welcome visitor to every mechanic's household. The publishers send a specimen copy and Premium List free on application. Their subscription price is very low, only One Dollar per year, and a useful premium included.

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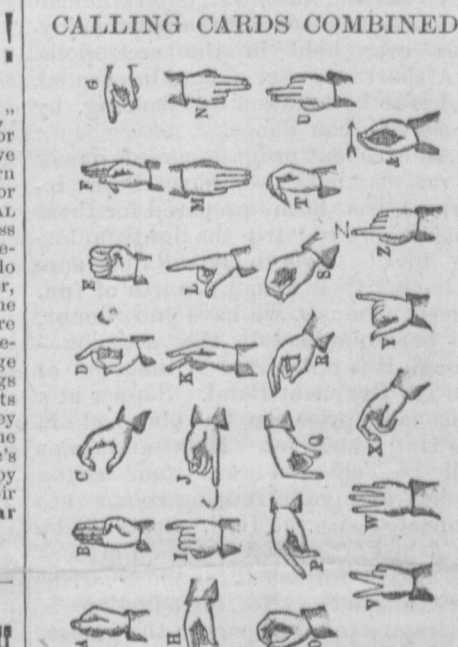
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